

# THE HERALD OF THE GOLDEN AGE.

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To plead the cause of the weak, defenceless, and oppressed, and to deprive cruelty, and injustice, and all that is opposed to the true spirit of Christianity.

The Members of the Order are pledged to seek the attainment of these objects by daily example and personal influence. They are divided into two classes—*Companions and Associates*—the former being abstainers from flesh, fish, and fowl, as food: the latter from flesh and fowl only.

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# THE HERALD OF THE GOLDEN AGE.

VOL. IV.

1899.

EDITED BY  
Sidney H. Beard.



G. E. S. S.  
DAWSON





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## A CHRISTMAS VISION.



'Twas Christmas eve: I slept; and lo! I stood  
(Freed from the trammels of the lower world),  
Before a Presence beautiful and good,  
Wing'd with a light whose radiant sweep, unfurled,  
Dazzled my vision: then I bowed my head,  
And waited; and in deep and tender tones  
Of sweetest love, the Presence softly said—  
"Come thou with me, and leave the sleeping ones."

"Come thou with me unto the sphere of Night,  
Where the twin sisters Sin and Sorrow dwell;  
That I may show unto thine inward sight  
An aching vision of unending hell  
O'er which the angels weep; thou, too, must weep,  
And add unto the purifying flood  
Thy holy drops, while the dark world doth sleep,  
And, sleeping, revels in its dream of blood."

The Spirit ceased to speak, then lifted me  
Above; and lo! I saw below, a stream—  
A dark and rolling river like a sea,  
Of purple hue. "Come, see the world's mad dream,"  
The Presence said; then, sighing, never drew  
(Drawing me also) toward the purple flood,  
And, by the light the radiant Presence threw,  
I saw the darkly-rolling stream was blood!

And as I looked, I saw, borne on its waves,  
Unnumbered forms of dead and living things,  
Things sacrificed, and sacrificing slaves  
Of the red Moloch *Appetite*, whose wings  
Fan the fierce flames of Hell; and then I heard  
The mournful moaning of the ruddy race,  
And the deep, dark, unholly surges stirred  
Echoes of anguish: then I hid my face.

But sadly spoke the Shining One, and said,  
"Lift up thine eyes, and see what thou *must* see;  
Lift up thy face, and look upon the dead  
Self-seeking heart of earth, that thou may'st be

Purged of the taint and dross of foul desire:  
He only lives who loves; look thou, and live;  
So shalt thou walk unharmed amid the fire:  
Look on this scene, then love, and loving, give."

I looked again upon the hideous stream,  
And saw upon its banks a countless throng  
Of suffering mortals, dreaming the wild dream  
Of deep illusion; clinging to all wrong,  
Thinking it right; feeding with precious blood  
(And innocent) of man, and bird, and beast,  
By tributaries numberless, the flood  
Bestial, unhallowed, where they came to feast.

They came to feast! O mockery of life!  
They starved, they sobbed and moaned, yet knew not  
why;  
They sought for peace in making cruel strife;  
They sought to see, yet with self-blinded eye,  
The Beautiful and Good, and only saw  
Dark, brooding shapes of monsters, hideous forms  
Walking amongst them; ghosts of wrested law,  
Makers of fiery hells, and flaming storms.

Ignorance, Error Lust, Disease, and Death,  
And Appetite and Greed; such are the names  
Of these dark shapes, beneath whose burning breath  
Men are as hay and stubble in the flames.  
And also I beheld, with eyes unsealed,  
Beside each human form a thing Divine,  
A shape of beauty, dead and unrevealed  
Unto the form round which it did entwine.

"That," said my Guide, "is the true Self of each,  
The suffering Christ bound to each mortal frame,  
Toward whose grace the blind and upward reach  
Of sin-bound souls is evermore the same;  
Yet evermore they bow and bend the knee  
To those dark shapes; to gods whose evil sway  
Confuses good and ill, makes Liberty  
The seeming bondage of a painful way.

"To-morrow all these suffering souls will pay  
To Appetite tribute of blood and life and love;  
To-morrow they will drown the lofty Way  
Of selfless love with revelings which flow  
From hellish sources where grim Slaughter lives;  
And Pity, Love and Gentleness will mourn  
To-morrow when the hoist'rous feasting gives  
Fair Innocence to mockery and scorn.

"Yet come away unto another stream,  
And see what shall be."—I was borne away,  
My eyes grew dark, and blackness filled my dream,  
And next I gazed upon the Land of Day,  
Where flowed a stream, pellucid as a pearl,  
Between high banks, muffled sad harmony  
And sweet, in glittering flow and eddying swirl,  
Toward a stormless, everlasting sea.

Upon its banks sat forms of beauty rare,  
Silently weeping; beautiful and strong  
And pure they seemed: and now upon the air  
Came borne a stifled cry—"O Lord how long!"  
Sometimes a sob, a sigh, a muttered word  
Of mercy or compassion came to me;  
These, and the stream's undying music stirred  
The sacred silence into harmony.

"This is the River of Eternal Life."

The Presence said, "it is the stream of Love.  
Its source is in the hearts of saints whose strife  
With sin is ended, but who weep above  
For sins which are not theirs; and all the tears  
Of all the perfect ones of all the past  
Have made this stream; it rises with the years,  
And it shall overflow its banks at last.

"Then it shall sweep the flow of blood away,  
Slaughter and violence shall no more be,  
Weeping and sorrow in the Land of Day  
Shall cease, and gladness swell Eternity."  
The Vision vanished:—I awoke, to hear  
The Christmas singers; and the song came borne  
Upon the darkness strangely to my ear,  
"Christians, awake! salute the happy morn!"

James Allen.

## Christ or Moloch.

**I**n order that Christians may celebrate on Christmas Day the birth of their loving, compassionate, and merciful Lord, at least a million large animals who love life, and are sensitive to pain like ourselves, will be massacred in cold blood, after undergoing brutal treatment of various kinds in course of transit to their place of execution. This overwhelming sacrifice of sentient life is exclusive of the many millions of small animals and birds who will be butchered for the "festive" occasion.

We invite all our readers to reflect concerning this holocaust of victims to the Moloch "appetite," and if they have not yet tried to live without participation in such heartless and wanton murder and devastation, we respectfully urge them to begin henceforth to abstain from butchered flesh, as an evidence that they really worship God—whose chief attributes are Love and Mercy—more than gustatory pleasure, and also as an individual protest against the presentation of such a libellous caricature of a Christian festival and the religion of Jesus as this to the "heathen" nations of the world.

The slaughter of a battle is, in volume, but mere child's play compared with the bloodshedding which precedes the Christmas dinner—and, in fact, the daily dinner—of Christendom. But as the South African tragedy is involving so much agony and bloodshed this year, such mutilation and mangling of men and animals, it is all the more reasonable and appropriate that we should refuse to add to the sum of the world's pain by demanding a Christmas feast of such unnatural food as the mortal remains of innocent fellow-creatures who have been needlessly condemned to suffer the death penalty on our behalf. Surely those whose minds and hearts have passed beyond the primitive stage of development will, upon reflection, be contented with the rich profusion of kindly fruits of the earth which has been provided for our healthful sustenance by a beneficent Creator, and refuse to gratify a barbaric taste which involves a violation both of Physical Law and the Spirit of Christianity?

The Editor.

## Ideal Suggestion.

A New Method of Healing Mind and Body.



**E**ne of the most practical books yet published concerning "mental healing" has been sent us for review this month amongst our usual budget of literature. It bears the above title and is written by Henry Wood. [Lee & Shepard, 10, Milk Street, Boston, Mass. (50 cts.) and G. Osbond, Scientist House, Devonport, England (half-a-crown)]. Whilst the fundamental Laws which underlie the phenomena of mental therapeutics are concisely presented, the author does not stop here, like so many writers on this fascinating subject, but gives a series of diagrams or "suggestions" printed in large capitals with explanatory context to enable the student to grasp the inner meaning of the words—so that by concentrating thought upon them, their influence upon the mind and body may be experienced through a process of mental photography.

There can be no doubt that multitudes of men and women who are weak and ill on account of their minds being filled with morbid ideas and slavish materialistic notions, can be healed and restored to health by having their thoughts purified and their eyes uplifted to a higher plane of consciousness. Hundreds of physicians are now recognizing this fact and proclaiming the truth that the laws of mental healing work with mathematical exactness if their operation is understood and intelligently complied with. Much misunderstanding exists around us about this subject, and all thoughtful persons would do well to study it—guarding themselves from the materialistic prejudice and limitation of vision of those who believe solely and ardently in drug prescriptions and the general use of the knife, on the one hand, and from the fanatical extravagance of the mere supernaturalists on the other.

To any who may feel disposed to look upon "mental healing" as unscientific nonsense, we would say that we know of many cases amongst the Members of our Order in which great benefit has resulted from such treatment and cure has been wrought, whilst our personal experience is to the effect that after being obliged to wear spectacles continuously for seven years on account of astigmatic deformity of both eyes, we were enabled to lay them aside some twelve months ago—since which time we have not resumed their use once. Previously we found it difficult to read for more than a short time without fatigue, and to leave off the glasses even for five minutes occasioned both inconvenience and pain. Now we can correct printer's proofs and read small print for hours at a time. This desirable change was brought about by means of mental therapeutics, and we are not only grateful to the Higher Powers for the enlightenment which enabled us to overcome this malady, but are also desirous of making known to others who may be in need that which may prove



helpful to them. We do not make the mistake of ignoring the great fact that violation of physical or hygienic law entails penalty, and that amendment must generally precede cure in such cases—the effect being removed only by the removal of the cause. We are convinced, however, that numberless cases of physical and nervous disease could be cured by mental treatment even when conventional methods have failed.

The following sentences will give some idea of the Author's view of things:—

It is only medical science, as it has gradually degenerated into a great drug prescription system, that seeks for primary causation in the inert clay of the body. The wise physician makes a mental, as well as a physical diagnosis and is logically led to the utilization of immaterial forces.

Popular prejudice against mental or psycho-therapeutics arises largely from an inability to cognize the factors involved. Prevailing materialism makes it logical to rely upon that which appeals to the senses. A majority are color-blind to the highest order of forces, and forget that, even in the external world, it is not matter, but the immaterial energy that moulds it, that produces all phenomena. Occidental civilization in its general trend is distinctively external, almost superficial.

The general identification in the public mind of mental healing with "Faith cure," is another prolific source of misapprehension. While there are many sincere clergymen and laymen who believe in "miraculous" healing in answer to prayer and anointing, simple justice requires that a broad distinction be noted. Faith-healing, as generally understood, involves a direct and special interposition on God's part, in response to petition. It implies that He is subject to changeableness and improvement, and that the expected result is an exception to, or reversal of, universal law. On the contrary, "Mental healing" is entirely based upon law, which, though belonging to the higher domain, is orderly and exact. It enjoins human compliance with existing law, already perfect and incapable of improvement. While a vital faith on man's part is a powerful healing element, it should have an intelligent and scientific basis. The divine order cannot be capricious. If God be infinitely and eternally perfect, His part is already complete, and it only remains for men to come into harmony with truth, which is the divine method. Faith-healing, defined as a local exceptional action of God, improved and set in motion by petition, is a relic of decaying supernaturalism. It is true however, that many cases of healing take place among its disciples. Even pure superstition—as illustrated by the result of pilgrimages to shrines and contact with sacred relics—often heals, because, though the *modus operandi* is misunderstood, it starts into action saving mental and spiritual recuperative forces.

Thought always seeks embodiment. The thought of the engineer materializes in the completed engine, and that of the architect in the finished building. Both of these thought-forms will outlast their external expression, because they are built of more durable material.

Medical annals are crowded with examples of the disastrous effects upon the human organism of fear, anger, envy, jealousy, worry, hate, and other abnormal passions and emotions. No fact is better understood than that these qualities of thought pull down, disintegrate and paralyze the physical forces and nerve centers. . . . Pride, ambition, selfishness and pessimism tend to the disturbance of many delicate physical processes, which finally result in chronic and even acute disorders. Anger suspends digestion, acidulates the blood, and dries up the secretions. . . . It is said that Swedenborg, when under inspirational conditions, could see that the deviating quality of thought changed the action of the lungs, the heart, the stomach, the liver, and the kidneys with kaleidoscopic quickness and in exact correspondence.

Man often has fear stamped upon him before his entrance into the outer world; he is reared in fear; all his life is passed in bondage to fear of sickness and death, and thus his whole mentality becomes cramped, limited, and depressed, and his body follows its shrunken pattern and specification.

What could be expected after generations of chronic sinful, fearful, antagonistic, selfish thought, clouded still more deeply by mental pictures of an angry God and endless hell, authoritatively proclaimed as solemn and terrible realities? Think of the millions of sensitive and responsive souls among our ancestors who have been under the dominion of such a perpetual nightmare! Is it not surprising that health exists at all? Nothing but the boundless divine love, exuberance, and vitality, constantly poured in, even though unconsciously to us, could in some degree neutralize such an ocean of morbidity.

If bad thinking be so disastrous to the mental and physical organism, it is a question of supreme importance how it may be improved and reformed. . . . High, healthful, pure thinking can be encouraged, promoted, and strengthened. Its current can be turned upon grand ideals until it forms a habit and wears a channel. . . . Our divine heritage of creative energy gives us the power to invoke and uprear a mental structure either symmetrical or deformed. If we will, we can turn our backs upon the lower and sensuous plane, and lift ourselves into the realm of the spiritual and real, and there "gain a residence." . . . Past thought has limited us in all directions. We have tethered ourselves to self-imposed posts by imaginary cords. But the general thought atmosphere is growing purer, and the increasing number of those who live in the higher consciousness will render ideal attainment less difficult in the future. It is morally certain that during the twentieth century the dark clouds of sin, disease, and death will be dispelled to an amazing degree.

The quality of thought sent out by pathology often adds to the burdens which already press heavily upon humanity. It is a well-known fact that medical students are often subject to attacks of the special diseases which they are studying. A formal diagnosis often stamps its unwholesome verdict upon the patient. He sees the specification, accepts it, embodies it, and thus fully fills its outline. One feels a little palpitation of the heart. A formal and solemn diagnosis suggests probable heart-disease, and at every turn he is cautioned—to beware! A current of fear and abnormal thought is turned upon the aortal organ, and the very prognostication further deranges its action. . . . To announce to a sensitive patient that fever is likely, at once raises the pulse, and there it is—by appointment.

The individual ideal, as also that of the true healer, is to wash the mind clean of all spectres of abnormality, and fill it with pictures of health, beauty, symmetry, strength, purity, and earnest aspiration towards perfection. Like all truth, they will press towards outward symmetrical embodiment. . . . The most thorough and impartial investigation proves that thought is the veritable organizer of all physical conditions. To add to the vitality of our material tabernacle we must radiate true thought from its inner potential fountain until it thrills the whole organism. . . . The great distinguishing feature of the sensuous consciousness is that it practically views the material body as the self. This radical mistake is the great ground-current which galvanizes into life and activity all human miseries, abnormalities, and diseases, mental and physical. If the ego roams in the murky atmosphere of this low plane, which is impenetrable to the sunlight from above, a host of negative phantoms, shadows, and spectres take on veritable reality and overwhelming power.

Thought discipline and control is the key which unlocks spiritual storehouses of strength and attainment; and earnest desire and aspiration—which is "prayer without

ceasing"—is the motor which furnishes power and intensity. Whenever the thought is not occupied with one's daily duty or profession, it should be sent aloft into the spiritual atmosphere. There are quiet leisure moments by day, and wakeful hours at night, when this wholesome and delightful exercise may be engaged in to great advantage. At such favourable seasons the outside world, with all its current of daily events, is barred out, and one goes into the silent sanctuary of the inner temple of souls to commune and aspire. The spiritual hearing becomes delicately sensitive, so that the "still, small voice" is audible, the tumultuous waves of external sense are hushed, and there is a great calm. The ego gradually becomes conscious that it is face to face with the Divine Presence; that mighty healing, loving, Fatherly life which is nearer to us than we are to ourselves. This is "the secret place of the Most High," and here we receive tokens from the One "in whom we live, and move, and have our being." There is no verbal petition for material favours, for, "all things are yours;" but there is loving communion, harmony, and gratitude, and they are mingled with a divine overflowing. There is soul-contact with the Parent-Soul, and an influx of life, love, virtue, health, and happiness from the Inexhaustible Fountain. There is growing at one-moment, and something of the divine beauty and perfection is photographed upon the human soul.

\* \* \*

The purpose of Ideal Suggestion is far broader and higher than the mitigation and healing of physical ailments, however desirable that may be. Such is but an incidental part of its work, and the same is true of mental healing, as that term is ordinarily employed. The grand mission of these great principles is the development of the spiritual ego; to roll the stone away from the door of the sepulchre of the lower self; to bring to birth the spiritual consciousness; to free man from the dominion of sin and selfishness, and to enthroned the real divine self—God's image—and put him in possession of his divine heritage.

\* \* \*

There is a lower plane of "suggestion" which is attracting considerable attention and which, to some extent, is being utilized for therapeutic purposes. It is known as "hypnotic suggestion, the term being used to signify a mild hypnotism, or an impressed mental condition not so intense as that which is characterized by trance or deep sleep. It possesses wonderful power, and until its laws are more fully understood it is injudicious for earnest and impartial seekers after truth to give it unqualified condemnation. But however laudable its legitimate employment may be, in any given case, its essential quality is servitude. It is also evident that its possible field for abuse is very great. So long as the world is full of weak, negative, susceptible, and undeveloped personalities, its unscrupulous employment will be quite possible.

\* \* \*

Ideal Suggestion is especially recommended for nervous and chronic disorders of every shade and type. Its possibilities are also unlimited for the release of humanity from every kind of slavery to the animal self-hood. Some measure of desire for release is pre-supposed. However, this desire is at least latent in every human being, and with only insignificant beginnings it soon grows and develops under culture.

Those in servitude to any kind of fear, or who are carrying burdens of grief, poverty, disappointment, anxiety, or melancholia, will find Ideal Suggestion a free and sovereign remedy.

\* \* \*

Some of the practical advice concerning self-treatment contained in this work is, briefly, as follows:

- 1.—Retire each day to a quiet apartment and be alone in the silence.
- 2.—Assume the most restful position possible, breathe deeply and thoroughly relax the physical body.
- 3.—Bar the door of thought against the external world.
- 4.—Rivet the mind upon one of the following "suggestions" until the entire consciousness is filled and overflowing. "God is here," "Divine Love fills me," "God is my life," "Christ

is within," "I am soul," "All things are yours," "I am not body," "I will fear no evil," "I will, be thou clean," "Spirit is the only substance," "I am free," "There is no death," "I look upward," "I am God's child," "Pain is friendly," "I listen," "I make harmony," "I rule the body," "Healing is natural," "Mental healing is scientific," "I am healed," etc.

5.—Let these ideas permeate the whole organism—taking them one at a time daily. Call them into the field of mental vision, also during wakeful hours of the night, and they will be actualized in due season.

In our "Glimpses of Truth" column this month, we give a few extracts from the pages which are intended to throw light upon the "suggestions," and we may remark that the depth of meaning which lies involved in the short sentences above-mentioned, would not be apprehended by many who had not read these explanatory pages. To those of our readers who desire to try this method we would suggest that they should either get the book itself or copy out the suggestive thoughts on pieces of cardboard in large bold capital letters, similar to those printed in the volume. These will then be convenient for study and prove an aid to concentration of thought.

The Editor.

## Brotherhood.

If I should see

A brother languishing in sore distress,  
And I should turn and leave him comfortless,

When I might be

A messenger of hope and happiness—  
How could I ask to have what I denied  
In my own hour of bitterness supplied?

If I might share

A brother's load along the dusty way,  
And I should turn and walk alone that day—

How could I dare,

When in the evening watch I knelt to pray,  
To ask for help to bear my pain and loss,  
If I had heeded not my brother's cross?

If I might sing

A little song to cheer a fainting heart  
And I should seal my lips and sit apart,

When I might bring

A bit of sunshine for life's ache and smart—  
How could I hope to have my grief relieved  
If I kept silent when my brother grieved?

And so I know

That day is lost wherein I fail to lend  
A helping hand to some wayfaring friend;  
But if he show

A burden lightened by the cheer I sent,  
Then do I hold the golden hours well spent,  
And lay me down to sleep in sweet content.

Edith V. Bradt.

## MEDICINAL LAUGHTER.

Laughter is a most useful medicine; it takes a man out of himself, and so gives Nature a chance. The brain is so frequently our prime mover in sickness that anything that temporarily disarranges it, as it were, is good for us. Forgetfulness is a great administrative and recuperative genius; he who forgets wins half the battle, whether it be the forgetting of an injury, or the dismissal of a trouble. In laughter, almost inexplicable as it is, there exists a great healer; it is the forerunner of forgetfulness; it is the distracter; it shakes up the creature, it fosters hope, without which our being is almost a blank. Laughter is the trust of medicines. Get it when you can. Do not be afraid to laugh. It blesses you and those who hear.

"Indian Lancet"



## Can we Work with God?

When Cecil Rhodes was thinking out the problem of how he could spend his life to the best purpose, he is stated, by one who knows him well, to have reasoned somewhat in the following manner:—"The universal instinct of the Race seems to confirm the teaching of the Seers of all Ages that there is a God who reigns over the children of men—there is at least a fifty-per-cent chance of it, and if there be a God and if He do care about what I do, the most important thing in the world for me is to find out what He wants me to do and then to go and do it. I think I shall not be far wrong in concluding that He would like me to do pretty much as He is doing, to work on the same lines toward the same end—therefore the first thing for me to do is to try to find out what God is doing in this world, what are His instruments, what lines He is going on, what He is aiming at—the next thing for me to do, is to do the same thing and aim at the same mark to the best of my ability.

As an evolutionist, this typical representative of the British Race, came to the conclusion that the highest specimens of mankind, the best and most cultured men of whom history contains record, constitute a prophecy of what the whole phalanx of humanity may be destined to reach. They are the high-water mark, up till now, towards which mankind is progressing by the operation of the law of the survival of the fittest—they reach the Divine ideal. He then considered that such were chiefly characterized by three things—a love of Justice, of Freedom, and of Peace, and came to the conclusion that the Race which was doing most to promote these conditions was destined ultimately to dominate the world by its influence. He continued this search after the footprints of God and formed the belief that the English-speaking Race would be admitted by the greatest number to be doing most to usher in a state of Society based on these foundations, and that having been led to what is rapidly becoming a position of terrestrial predominance, they are the instruments whom God has chosen to bring about an Era of Justice, Liberty, and Peace. Therefore he concluded thus:—"If there be a God I think He would like me to paint as much of the map of Africa, British red as possible, and to do what I can elsewhere to promote the unity and extend the influence of the English-speaking Race."

Such practical idealism as this must command the respect of all earnest and thoughtful men. No truly great character in the past or present has been devoid of some such lofty aim, and if we only look at things from a wider standpoint so as to have a wider horizon, we should all do well to follow the example of Africa's greatest Colonist. Alas, that so many thousands of us, who profess to have, not a fifty-per-cent

belief in God, but a complete faith, should care so little about what He is doing or what He wants us to do in this world.

Whilst it is doubtless true that our Race is being used as an instrument to extend in some measure the reign of Justice, Freedom and Peace amongst men, this view of the Divine sphere of operations is a decidedly limited one, and we must not forget that very much needs yet to be done to make us, as a people, worthy of such a high calling, and to bring us even within measurable distance of that standard of perfect manhood which was revealed to the world in the person of Jesus—the Christ. There are many other footprints on the sands of time, many other evidences perceptible of the working of "the Eternal Power that makes for Righteousness," if we only look around with eyes that see. The rapid growth, during recent years, of the idea that other races of creatures, whose number far exceeds that of the humane race, are

entitled to just treatment, freedom from cruel enslavement, and deliverance from the perpetual war which is mercilessly waged against them by mankind, may possibly be of even greater importance in the Councils of Heaven than the predominance of the English amongst the other Nations of the world. The awakening of the minds of men to the fact that their miseries are most frequently self-inflicted, through the violation of those natural laws which were beneficently ordained for the preservation and welfare of their race, may also be a matter of supreme concern in the Divine mind, for if the evolution of perfect human beings—perfect physically, mentally and



spiritually—be one of the great purposes of the Infinite Spirit, the abolition of such sins, habits or customs as are a hindrance to the fulfilment of this object must be a matter of great moment.

The world's progress is to be measured by the upward growth of its thought. As men think, so are they. Any change for the better in the customs of Society and the deeds of men must be preceded by a corresponding change of their ideas. This is the Divine method, and we can see it working all around us. We may co-operate if we will and thus uplift our own lives to a higher plane, whilst at the same time we help to raise others and promote the world's amelioration.

We have only to come into touch with leaders of thought in various lands, in order to realize that one of the most significant "signs of the times" is the wave of spiritual influence which is breaking upon the world, and bringing about a widespread awakening concerning human brotherhood, the wastefulness and wickedness of war, the abhorrent nature of inhumanity in all its various forms, the wrongfulness of needless slaughter, the infamy of torture—whatever be the end in view—the wrongs of women, especially concerning

enforced and unwelcome motherhood, the importance of and necessity for better culture for our children, pre-natal as well as ante-natal, the responsibility of the State for the condition, improvement, and care of its weakest and most unfit citizens, the deleterious influence of carnivorous food upon the bodies and souls of men, the unrecognised possibilities of friendship which exist between man and the animal world, and the unrealized powers for our healing and betterment which lie within us latent and undeveloped. These are some of the things which are also included in God's plan of operations—if we may judge from the trend of modern thought—and although we may not have the opportunity to assist in extending the British Empire in Africa, we may all co-operate in the promotion of Universal Justice, Freedom, and Peace, by methods which are quite as practical and perhaps less open to adverse criticism.

With the dawn of the new century a new epoch is at hand—a fairer time—a kinder day. Already the majestic figure of "Justice" reigns amongst the nations with almost supreme power, and is beginning to extend her beneficent sceptre over the sub-human races. The preposterous assumption that man is the only creature of any consequence or possessing any "rights" upon this Earth, is becoming to be regarded by intelligent and enlightened persons as a fallacy born of man's ignorance and conceit. The notion that it is the sacred prerogative of the strong to exploit the weak and defenceless is being relegated to the limbo of exploded barbaric superstitions. The fair form of "Peace" is being generally recognised as being worthy of the desire of all nations. "Brotherhood" is rapidly growing in stature in the consciousness of men, causing them to realize the sacred relationship which exists, not only between man and man, but between man and his other earth-mates. "Industry," the representative of the dignity of labour and the blessedness of service and ministry stands side by side with the radiant forms of "Progress," "Truth," and "Altruism." These are the mighty forces that will mould the world's destiny during the next hundred years and usher in the Millennium.

Shall we exercise our sacred privilege and *work with God*? Shall we banish from our minds, for ever, the current delusion that it matters little whether or no men and women care two straws about Justice, Humanness, Altruism or Truth provided they hold orthodox views and attend religious ceremonies? Shall we, during the coming year, commence to live in earnest and help to mould the world's future? Upon our answer to such questions as these hang important issues—both for ourselves and others. If the Wrong is to be righted it must be through human instrumentality, and every individual makes one more on the side either of progress or retrogression. And whilst we look on, inactive, the Maelstrom of bloodshed and misery and tears engulfs its numberless victims. If we close our eyes to those visions of a higher life which come to us, visions of brave effort and self-denying struggle in some great Cause which we know to be worthy of our sympathy and service, and choose to live like the thoughtless multitude who do little else but "eat, drink, and be merry," we shall most certainly reap as we have sown and lose those more enduring joys which are unknown to the ignoble and unworthy.

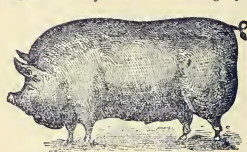
Let ours, then, be the "better part." Let us search after the "way of God," and having ascertained what we believe to be His will concerning our poor world and our own life-work, let us reverently become workers together with Him in the great task of bringing in the reign of Happiness—the Kingdom of Love!

The Editor.

## Pork as a Luxury.

By J. H. Kellogg, M.D.

**G**aze over into that sty, my pork-eating friend: we will show you a dozen things you did not observe before.



See the contented brute quietly reposing in the augmented filth of his own ordure! Look a little sharper, and scrutinize his skin. Is it smooth and healthy?—not exactly. So obscured is it by tetter and scurf

and mange that you almost expect to see the rotten mass drop off, as the grunting creature rubs it against any projecting corner which may furnish him a convenient scratching place.

Stir up the beast, and make him show his gait. See how he rolls along, a mass of fat. If he were human, he would be advised to chew tobacco for his obesity, and would be expected to drop off any day of heart disease. And so he will, unless the butcher forestalls Nature by a day or two. If you can possibly prevail upon yourself to sacrifice your scruples in the cause of science, just clamber over into the reeking sty, and take a nearer view of the animal that is destined to delight the palates of some of your friends, perhaps your own. Make him straighten out his fore legs. Now observe closely. Do you see the open sore or issue a few inches above his foot on the inner side? and do you say it is a mere accidental abrasion? Find the same on the other leg; it is a wise and wonderful provision of Nature. Grasp the leg high up, and press downward. Now you see its utility, as a mass of corruption pours out. That opening is the outlet of a sewer—yes, a scrofulous sewer; and hence the offensive matter which discharges from it. Should you fill a syringe with mercury, or some coloured injecting fluid, and drive the contents into this same opening, you would be able to trace all through the body of the animal little pipes communicating with it. What must be the condition of the body of an animal so foul as to require a regular system of drainage to convey away its teeming filth? Sometimes the outlet gets closed by the accumulation of external filth. Then the scrofulous stream ceases to flow, and the animal quickly sickens and dies unless the owner speedily cleanses the parts, and so opens anew the feculent fountain, and allows the poison to escape.

What dainty morsels those same feet and legs make! What a delicate flavour they have, as every epicure asserts! Do you suppose the corruption with which they are saturated has any influence upon their taste and healthfulness?

Now let us look at the inside of this delicious beast. Just under the skin we find a mass of fat two to six inches in thickness, covering a large portion of the body. What is this? "Lard," says one; "animal oil;" "an excellent thing for consumptives;" "a very necessary kind of food in cold weather." Lard, animal oil, very truly; and, we will add, as synonyms, disease, scrofula, torpid liver. Where did that fat come from? or how happened it to be heaped up around that poor hog so prodigiously? Surely it is not natural; for fat is deposited in large quantities only for the purpose of keeping the body warm in winter. This fat is much more than is necessary for that purpose, and is much greater in amount

than ever exists upon the animal in a state of nature. It is evidently the result of disease. So gross have been the habits of the animal, so great has been the foulness of his body, that its excretory organs—its liver, lungs, kidneys, skin, and intestines—have been entirely unable to carry away the impurities which it has been all its life accumulating. And even the extensive system of sewerage, with its constant stream, which we have already described, was insufficient to the task of purging so vile a body of the debris which abounded in every organ, and saturated every tissue. Consequently, this great flood of disease, which made the blood a black, turbid current, was crowded out of the veins and arteries into the tissues, and there accumulated as fat. Lard, then, obtained from the flesh of the hog by heating, is nothing more than the extract of a diseased carcass. Who that knows its character would dare to defile himself with this "broth of abominable things?"

Now let us take a little deeper look. Observe the glands which lie about the neck. Instead of being of their ordinary size, and composed of the usual gland structure, we find in them large masses of scrofulous tissue. Perhaps tuberculous degeneration has already taken place. If so, the soft, cheesy, infectious mass is ready to sow broadcast the seeds of consumption and premature death.

Now take a still deeper look, and examine the lungs. If the hog is more than a few months old, you will be likely to find large numbers of tubercles. If he is much more than a year old, you will probably find a portion of the lung completely consolidated. Yet all of this filthy, diseased mass is cooked as a delicious morsel, and served up to satisfy fastidious tastes. If the animal had escaped the butcher's knife a few years, he would have died of tuberculous consumption. Make a cut into the animal's liver. In seventy-five cases out of a hundred you will find it filled with abscesses. In a yet larger percentage will be found the same diseased products which seem to infest every organ, every tissue, and every structure. Yet these same rotten, diseased, scrofulous livers are eaten and relished by thousands of people who cannot express their contempt for the Frenchman who eats a horse, or the Chinaman who dines upon fricassee puppy.

The word "scrofula" is derived from the Latin *scrofa*, which means "a sow." The ancient Romans evidently believed that scrofula originated with the hog, and hence they attached the name of the beast to the disease. Saying that a man has scrofula then, is equivalent to saying that he has the hog disease. After we have seen that the hog is the very embodiment of scrofulous disease, can anyone doubt the accuracy of the conclusion of the Romans who named the disease?

Let us look again at the diseased liver. Upon closer inspection we discover numberless little sacs, or cysts, about the size of a hemp seed. These do not present a very formidable appearance, but as soon as they are taken into the stomach by eating the flesh containing them, the gastric juice dissolves off the membranous sac, and liberates a minute animal, which has been encased there perhaps for months. This creature, although so small, is furnished with a head and four suckers. With the latter it attaches itself firmly to the wall of the intestine, and begins to grow. In a short time it produces an addition to its body, which is attached like a joint behind. Soon a duplicate of this is produced, and then another and another, until a body three or four rods in length is formed. This is a tapeworm. Under other circumstances, the eggs of the tapeworm may find entrance into the body, when the disease is developed in another form. The em-

bryonic worms consist of a pair of hooklets so shaped that a twisting motion will cause them to penetrate the tissues after the fashion of a corkscrew. Countless numbers of these may be taken into the system, since a single tapeworm has been found to contain more than two million eggs. By the boring motion referred to, which seems to be spontaneous in the young worm, the parasites penetrate into every part of the body. Piercing the walls of the blood-vessels, they are swept along in the life-current, thus finding their way even to the most delicate structures of the human system. They have been found in all the organs of the body, even the brain, and the delicate organs of vision, not escaping the depredations of this destructive parasite. When developed in the eye, they, of course, occasion blindness. When lodged in the lungs or other organs, they interfere with their proper functions. In the liver, which is the most frequent rendezvous of these destructive creatures, serious and often fatal disease, known as hydatids, is occasioned by the extraordinary development of the cysts, which are originally not larger than a pea, but by excessive growth assume enormous proportions. The poor victim who is forced to entertain this unwelcome guest, suffers untold agonies, and finally dies if he cannot succeed in dislodging the parasite.

Now, my friend, assist your eyesight by a good microscope, and you will be convinced that you have only just caught a glimpse of the enormous filthiness of the loathsome pig. Take a thin slice of lean flesh, place it upon the stage of your microscope, adjust the eye-piece, and look. If you are fortunate, you will find displayed before your eyes hundreds of voracious little animals, each coiled up in its little cell, waiting for an opportunity to emerge from its prison walls, and begin its destined work of devastation. A gentleman of eminence in Louisville has made very extensive researches upon the subject, and asserts that trichinae may be found in at least one hog out of every ten.

This creature also is enclosed in a little cyst or sac, which, when taken into the stomach, is dissolved by the gastric juice. The parasite, being set at liberty, immediately penetrates the thin muscular walls of the stomach, and gradually works its way throughout the whole muscular system. It possesses the power of propagating its species with wonderful rapidity; so that a person once infected is almost certain to die a lingering death of excruciating agony. In Helstadt, Prussia, 103 persons were poisoned, and twenty of them died within a month.

It is doubtless not known how many deaths are really due to this cause; for many persons die of strange, unknown diseases, which baffle the doctor's skill both as to cure and diagnosis. Trichinosis very much resembles some other diseases in some of its stages, and is often attributed to other than its true cause. It is thought by many medical men of considerable eminence that hundreds of people die of the disease without its true nature being suspected.

Is it not proved that a hog is nothing better than an animated mass of physical defilement? How wise and sanitary was the command of God to the ancient Jews: "It is unclean unto you. Ye shall not eat of their flesh, nor touch their dead carcass."

Adam Clarke, when requested to give thanks at a repast of which pork constituted a conspicuous part, once used the following words: "Lord, bless this bread, these vegetables, and this fruit; and, if thou can'st bless under the gospel what thou did'st curse under the law, bless this swine's flesh."

"Good Health,"



## Editorial Notes.

**A**s we remember how many hearts and homes will be sorrow-stricken and darkened by the shadow of death this Christmastide, because the names of husbands, sons, or brothers have been printed in our newspapers under the dreaded word "killed," we feel how worthy of our best effort is the work of advocating such ideals as tend to hasten the Era of "Peace on Earth and Goodwill amongst men." The suffering which is being experienced both at home and in Africa is heartrending, and cries to Heaven against those who have sown this harvest of blood!

Many sincere persons appear to think that, as a nation, we are in the wrong. We are prepared to respect the opinions of others—but we cannot share this belief. The Boers have drawn the sword, and invaded our Colonies. They have annexed, by official proclamation, lands which do not belong to them, and ruined thousands of peaceful farmers by looting their homesteads, stealing their crops and cattle, and driving them forth shelterless; thus they stand convicted, by facts, of pillage, theft, wanton destruction, and bloodshed. The "harmless, pious, agriculturist" chimera is exploded—for it is proved that they have for years been arming to the teeth. They have employed foreign mercenaries to train them in the art of wholesale scientific murder, and they have now burst forth upon Natal and Cape Colony causing widespread wreckage and destruction under the pretence of fighting for their threatened liberty, although they outnumbered the soldiers of our small South African garrison by four to one. Yet many of "our brother Boers" are doubtless brave men who believe they are obeying the call of duty, being both ignorant and misguided.

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### CAUSE AND EFFECT.

The real cause of this war appears to lie far behind the recent dispute concerning the wrongs of the Outlanders, and would seem to be traceable to the ambitious dreams disseminated by the founders of the Afriander Bond. The letter recently published, in which Mr. Schriener's brother shows that Mr. Reitz recognized more than ten years ago that the policy of the Bond took into account a probable struggle with England as a prelude to the establishment of a Dutch South African Empire, throws light upon the problem. Ambition and Militarism appear to be revealed as potent factors in connection with this conflict—the former as the source of a fell purpose, the latter as a means of accomplishing it. And so, misled by a false vision of glory, these Dutch Colonists collected vast quantities of arms and ammunition, not only sufficient for every male citizen of the Dutch Republic, but also for the citizens of several such States in addition whom they hoped to arm for the fray. They also built forts, obtained German instructors so as to be up-to-date, and secured an adequate supply of melinite and quick-firing artillery. Then, when they thought the hour had struck, "The opportunity to do ill deeds, made ill deeds done."

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### SOWING AND REAPING.

The harvest of death and wounds which is being gathered by our Dutch foes, will probably convince the present generation of Afrianders, at any rate, that it is a serious thing for men to take in hand the sword of aggression, and that the spirit of Militarism is a curse against which all men should strive. They will learn, as we ourselves may do, from this sad object lesson, that before committing themselves to any serious course of action it behoves human

beings to pause and consider lest they find themselves involved in sin or sorrow. We earnestly hope that as they have now learned to respect their brother Englishman instead of despising him, and have witnessed the spectacle of the whole British population of the Transvaal fleeing from their mis-governed State at the bare mention of hostilities, as from a pestilence or a savage race—whilst the Dutch population of Cape Colony, confident of receiving just treatment, have remained in peaceful quietude even after the war commenced—they may realize that there has been something wrong in their past attitude towards their fellow colonists and that they would do well to put an end to this hopeless fratricidal struggle before further lives are sacrificed.

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### THE WOUNDED ANIMALS.

Can nothing be done for the faithful creatures who are being smashed and mutilated by hundreds as the shells burst upon them? It is positively sickening to read of the artillery horses "being flogged and spurred until they fell dead from exhaustion," and to remember the anguish being endured through hunger, thirst, and over-taxation by our animal friends at the front, but it is even worse to know that when torn and mangled they are left to die of agony and exhaustion as best they may. Surely public opinion might demand that a corps of men should be formed in connection with each brigade, whose business it should be to put wounded horses out of their misery as mercifully as possible. To make them food for powder at all is heartless and wrong, and therefore this is the least we should do, if we compel these creatures to submit to the horrors involved in human strife. We invite our members and friends to write to the newspapers on this subject, so that the military authorities may be led to act in the matter.

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### BRIGHT PROSPECTS.

Never before have the prospects of the Food Reformation been so bright as they are at the close of this year. In every land converts are being made by hundreds, the subject is being discussed in magazines and journals of all kinds, leaders of thought and fashion are "taking it up," the "churches" are getting uneasy about it, medical men are looking seriously into the question, the veterinary surgeons have endorsed the movement by unanimous resolution; Insurance Companies have, by granting better terms to food-reformers than to any other class of lives, admitted that abstinence from flesh tends to promote longevity, and the athletic world has been compelled, by the performances of vegetarians, to realize that there is stamina in a fleshless regimen and that the "despised bean-eater" can often "give beans" to the flesh-eater on the racing path. Numerous large Sanitariums and Hospitals, in which one of the principal methods for the treatment of disease is enforced abstinence from flesh, are in existence in most countries, and we learn that another such is soon to be opened in England under a good medical staff. Vegetarian Societies are increasing everywhere, and Food Reformers are becoming more aggressive in their propaganda. A Company is now being formed to start a really high-class and up-to-date Restaurant, Club, and Institute on Food Reform lines, in Westminster, with the co-operation of several members of the aristocracy who are uniting for the purpose of aiding the Movement and making it more fashionable; and, in fact, from every quarter evidences are forthcoming that a general deprecation of butchery for the purpose of providing flesh-food is one of the certainties of the future.

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### WHY WE ARE SANGUINE.

The foregoing sentences may appear too optimistic, but we know whereof we write. Our finger is upon the world's pulse, as it were, for every week brings us a budget of letters, journals, pamphlets, books, and other literature from many lands, and in these we find evidence for our hope. The thinkers and writers of to-day are shaping the opinions and destinies of men in the coming future. One by one the best

of them are lending their aid to the Humanitarian and Vegetarian Movement. One by one they swell the protest against wholesale, brutal, and needless massacre, against the great racial sin of carnivorous vampirism—against the horrid practice of feeding upon the corpses of the dead. In all parts of the world our own writings and the literary articles of our fellow-workers have been re-printed and thus more widely circulated, with the result that the thoughts of many souls have been changed and the lives of not a few moulded on fresh lines. The communications which have reached us in response, enable us to realize with joy that there are thousands of sincere men and women in every country who can be won over to the crusade against inhumanity, and who are prepared to deny self and suffer inconvenience or persecution in order to lessen the sum of the world's suffering and wrong-doing.

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#### OUR COMRADES.

As we bring another year's efforts to a close we feel constrained to say something about the kindred souls who have shared our toil. During the year we have not made much allusion to them in the pages of this journal, for the simple reason that it is published in order to bring home to the hearts and consciences of, as many persons as possible, facts and truths which tend to change both thought and life, and as our space is so limited it would not be wise to publish reports of meetings and individual effort which would only have a local or personal interest. Our field is worldwide, and we have to make the most of our opportunity. We also have to clothe our evangel—so unpopular to the carnivorous mind which is largely in the majority in Western nations at present—in as interesting a manner as we can. But they deserve "honourable mention" for the way in which some of them have striven for the right, and faced opposition, ridicule, and discomfort, for the sake of this sacred cause! The Members of our Council and our Order have not failed to take their places in the "fighting line" in this struggle against evil and cruelty which is being waged by the noblest and best of mankind. In England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, America, Canada, India, and Australasia, as well as in other countries all round the world they have used both pen and tongue, and brain, in order to further the cause of Truth, Reform, and Humanity, in this their day and generation. Their names are too numerous to be mentioned here, and if we printed those we know of, we should do injustice to those who have worked as bravely and well without reporting their efforts to us. But we send them greeting, and thank them one and all for the many words of cheer they have sent us. Their deeds are registered on high. They are giving their best to the world, and by the operation of spiritual law "the best will come back to them."

Whether our fellow workers be united with us as Members of this Order of the Golden Age—which exists that our hands may be strengthened by a fraternal bond of union—or not, it is all the same; we rejoice to claim spiritual kinship with all true-hearted reformers, and we wish them, every one, all that is best at this season of greeting and goodwill. We also thank all those journalistic friends who have helped us by making known our literature and by further disseminating the truths we proclaim. We invite them to co-operate with us in the future as they have in the past—and to a greater extent—in this work of uplifting noble and humane ideals, and of pointing out to men the advantage of living upon pure and natural food, with the conscience free from blood-guiltiness, and the heart delivered from callous indifference to the infliction of pain.

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#### THE SLAUGHTER-HOUSE SCANDAL.

Professor James Long, writing on the subject of private slaughter-houses to *The Rural World*, expressed himself thus: "The question is in a nutshell: Is it or is not consistent with the maintenance of public health that cattle should be driven into private shambles, situated in the midst of a stupen-

dously thick population, for slaughter, and that these buildings, reeking with their blood and entrails, should remain as they do at this moment centres of danger? No man would willingly live next door to a slaughter-house, inasmuch as he is aware of the objections which exist against it from a sanitary point of view. It is not only liable to affect the drainage system, but it is an attraction to the rat, and to that street scavenger the derelict dog. It has been stated by thoughtful speakers that inspection would be extremely simple; but examination of every carcass slaughtered at all hours in 450 shambles would necessitate special regulations and a small army of inspectors; it is, therefore, out of the question. In view of this fact, who is to prevent the continued introduction of meat, the produce of animals unfit for food? In the old days every dropped cow, every diseased beast which could possibly be smuggled into the trade, was bought up by a class of country dealers who knew where to place it. That time has passed, but there are still men who will run a certain amount of risk for a few sovereigns, and, in consequence, diseased cattle are continually sold to them and placed in the hands of those who slaughter their own, and who have no compunction as to sale to the poor and the ignorant. These carcasses cannot by any chance be sold in the meat market, where inspection is so easy; but so long as the private slaughter-house exists diseased meat will find its place on the tables of the people."

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#### MATERNAL LOVE.

The following story, showing the intense, human-like affection of which animals are capable, is not from a humanitarian paper, but from the *Shooting Times and British Sportsman*: "A captain captured a young seal near Anacapa Island, California, recently, and took him on board his ship. As the vessel started, the mother seal was noticed swimming about, howling piteously. The little captive barked responsively. After reaching the wharf at Santa Barbara, the captive was tied up in a jute sack and left loose on the deck. Soon after coming to an anchor, the seal responded to its mother's call by casting itself overboard, all tied up as it was in the sack. With her sharp teeth the mother tore it open and released her young one whom she had followed in the wake of the sloop for eighty miles."

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#### INCREASING PUBLIC OPPROBRIUM.

A writer in a Russian journal thus expresses himself:—"In my opinion vivisection is the most shameful and criminal of all the evils which the dark side of civilisation has revealed to us. I have never been present at a vivisection, but to my mind the thought of it is enough to make one shudder with horror and disgust. If I see a driver beating a horse already sufficiently laden with a heavy cart, I am seized with the longing to wrench the whip out of his hand; my feelings, were I to witness a vivisector at his revolting occupation, would be hard to control. I would far rather shake hands with a convict or hardened criminal than with a vivisector; the latter is, in my eyes, incomparably more to be despised than a thief or murderer."

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#### PRISON REFORM.

We are glad to note that the Home Secretary has given his consent to a system of lectures for prisoners under twenty-four years of age at Wormwood Scrubs. Such an innovation is a distinct advance in the treatment of criminals. The time is surely coming when the criminal will be looked upon as an undeveloped, and more or less irresponsible, member of society, and when his education and moral development will be considered of more importance than his mere punishment. Recognizing the irresponsibility of children, we wisely blend instruction with punishment in their training, and when the criminal is recognized as an undeveloped being, morally and intellectually, similar methods will be pursued in dealing with him, and prisons will become reformatory schools.

### RECKLESS MARRIAGES.

The evils which result from ignorance and heedlessness in connection with marriage are widespread and incalculable. Young people rush into matrimony without any thought or the slightest effort to gain knowledge concerning the serious responsibility of parentage, and all that is involved in it. The result is often seen in young mothers with wrecked constitutions through excessive child-bearing; puny and wretched children, who have been badly born and still more badly fed; numbers of early graves which ought never to have been filled; haggard and over-anxious fathers, who find themselves staggering under a burden of family care which is too heavy for them; and numberless homes which are wretched or poverty stricken. Much of this might be avoided if those whose office it is to instruct the people were to teach them how to live in this world, instead of how to secure front seats in the next. Fathers and mothers ought to give their children the benefit of their own accumulated knowledge and observation, by instructing them in time—instead of leaving each generation to buy wisdom by bitter experience.

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### DIETETIC IDEALISM.

Lady Gwendolen Herbert made the following remarks at the annual meeting of the Manchester Vegetarian Society last month:—"The longer I live, the more I am drawn toward the ideal side of life's food, and the more my soul revolts against the perpetuation of the barbarous in dietary in an Age which has made such great progress on other lines. In music, and poetry, painting, architecture, literature, and science, we have become modified by the humane side of evolution, but in dietary the stomach still looks upon the food of the savage as the special part of the menu to-day with which it will not part. Rich and poor, man and woman alike think that giving up that one article of diet is a sacrifice too great to contemplate with equanimity. It is our duty to press on this, the most important factor in a humane evolution, and by gentle suasion and sweet reasonableness in word and deed to remove the fallacy of the terrible difficulty of vegetarianism, and to enthrone the world to be as eager to seek the beautiful in diet as in dress, in food as in raiment, in the within as in the without."

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### A PHYSICIAN'S TESTIMONY.

At the same meeting, Dr. John Haddon, M.A., M.D., stated that when his health broke down some years previously he got the best advice he could and took some drugs, but all to no purpose. "I merely stumbled on the fact that I was killing myself by taking animal food. That set me thinking, and I began to enquire what vegetarians knew about diet, because I confessed that I knew nothing about it, although I was a doctor and had been educated at the best medical school in the country—Edinburgh. My teachers told me nothing about diet, except that I was to get plenty of nitrogen and carbon in proper proportions. That was all I knew about diet then, but I have learned something more since. I confess in sackcloth and ashes that the medical profession is very much to blame, and I admit that medical men are as ignorant as most classes with regard to diet. The attention of doctors is confined almost exclusively to drugs. The time I spent on drugs was almost entirely lost, and perhaps it would have been better for some of my patients if my teachers had told me more about food and a great deal less about drugs. I would like to educate my medical brethren, to whom I say—Hear what I have got to tell you. Stop eating as you are doing before it is too late, before you get into the state I was in, and had to give up practice, being nearly a dead man, and you may perhaps live to a hundred years. The donkey does not need to study natural science to know what to eat. Man has departed from the natural instinct with which Nature endowed him, he has forgotten what he ought to eat, and has travelled so far on the wrong road that he has actually eaten his fellow man; he has therefore to turn back to the state of nature in which the donkey has remained.

Science will guide man back to the right road. We must make flesh-eaters understand that disease will never be prevented until they change their diet!

"I am sorry there are none of the clergy present, they ought to be preaching vegetarianism, which would do more for Christianity than all their sermons. Make the people vegetarians and there would not be much need for preachers. I assure those who fear to give up animal food that they need have no fear whatever, and my concluding words are these—the less we eat the stronger we are, if we only eat the right material."

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### A NEW CHILDREN'S PAPER.

We are glad to be able to announce the forthcoming publication of a Children's Vegetarian Magazine. Its title will be *The Children's Garden* (Ideal Publishing Union, 33, Paternoster Row, London. Monthly, price One Halfpenny). This journal will meet a long felt need, and we trust that all our readers who have families will support this new effort to strengthen the Food-reform Movement. To influence the young is to mould the world's future, therefore all who have the Cause at heart should see that this magazine does not lack the support which we have every reason to hope it will deserve. A Member of our Council, Mrs. Frances L. Boulton, of 12, Hill-drop Crescent, Camden Road, London, will be the Editor, and she will be glad to receive literary and financial contributions towards the support of the young magazine in its early days. We shall send a free copy of the first issue to every Member of The Order of the Golden Age, and a circular will be enclosed in *The Herald* so as to give particulars to all our subscribers.

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### STARVING SCHOOL CHILDREN.

The question of "free food" has lately been under consideration by the London School Board, for there are those who hold that it is necessary to supply free food as well as free education to the half-starved children of the poor in our cities. To feed such children would be an act of mercy, but yet the scheme is fraught with a certain degree of risk, for in thus reducing parental responsibility, the gravest issues might result, and the remedy prove worse than the disease. On the other hand, to teach the poor how best to feed themselves, how to derive satisfaction and health from a cheap, simple and natural diet, how to substitute pulses, wholemeal, and the common fruits for the innutritious and disease-laden offal of the slaughter-house, this would be the greater act of mercy, for it would certainly be grounded in wisdom.

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### A DREADFUL TRADE.

A man in America has started raising guinea pigs in large numbers for the purpose of supplying the medical schools with victims for the torture trough. These animals are bred to be tortured, and the "farmer" states there is more money in it than in growing fruit. Every year the roll of animal martyrs sacrificed upon the altar of Medical Ambition increases. The results up to the present have been incalculable suffering for the tormented creatures, but no decrease of human pain and disease. How much longer is deliberate torture to be tolerated by civilised Society?

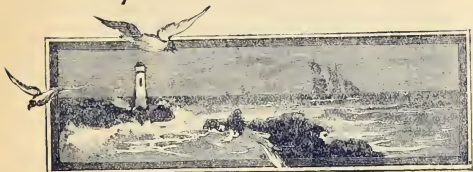
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### HUMANE LEGISLATION.

We are glad to learn that Dr. Poore is no longer the Home Office Inspector of our licensed tormentors. His appointment to the position showed what a farce our present system of legislation is in connection with this atrocious National crime, for he is not only a vivisector himself but spoke, in his Harveian Lecture, of "the joys of the successful investigator," and lauded the "experimental method in medicine." This was the man deputed to protect defenceless animals in the vivisection hells of Christian England during recent years.



## By the Cornish Sea.



A summer Sunday evening on the Cornish coast. The sun had just gone down behind the hills that formed the western background of the little village, and the golden and roseate glow of the sky was reflected in the wide expanse of the quiet sea.

It was not a fashionable resort, and very few people were on the beach and pier. I strolled along to the latter and sat down by an old sailor with whom I had made acquaintance on a former visit. He was a weather-beaten, dried up sample of the "sheer hulk" that had seen much service, and was now laid up in the latter days for rest and quiet.

He had shaggy grey eyebrows, faded blue eyes with half-shut lids, and a curiously crooked mouth that looked as though curved in a roguish smile, even in his most serious moments. A well meaning old man, but somewhat garrulous.

His career at sea had been in various capacities. He had been in the navy, the preventive and the merchant service. He had been a pilot (I think at one time a bit of a smuggler) and in later years a fisherman with a trawler of his own. Now, he was the patriarch of the village, and a number of the inhabitants bore his name, being his sons and their wives and children.

He had with him a pretty little girl, with very blue eyes and yellow hair, a grandchild; and each was evidently the pet of the other.

"You have not been to church or chapel, Captain Sugg," I said.

"Well, no," he replied, "Can't say as I'm what you call a reg'lar church goer. I do go once now and then, but I don't seem to take to it much, somehow. They've been and altered the service at the church, along with the candles and petticoats. Went one night and couldn't understand a word of what they was droning, no more than us used to know what they said at the Catholic Church to St. Malo, when I went courting there years ago—ah! the many years! And besides, the sermon was all about fasts and feasts and Mother Church. And then the last time I went to chapel, the minister as good as said us be all gwarn to hell, or most of us anyhow. That's a nice thing for a man to be told that has got several dozens of children and grandchildren, as if they was all brought into the world for that purpose. No, I can't stand that notion. The Lord that made the buifful world and the great sea could never be such a monster as that. I've no fear about it, but I can't abide to hear such things said. Better to sit here along of my little girl. Her have been singing some hymns to me as is better than all they sermons. Toon up once more, my pritty."

The child's sweet, clear voice rang out to the air from Mozart's 12th Mass:

"We are travelling home to God  
In the way our fathers trod;  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see."

"Yes," I said, "that is our hope."

"See that melancholy object," he said, pointing to a long, limp figure in black, walking solemnly along the sands. "That's the Calvinist deacon, that is. Brought me some tracks last week. 'Are you praypared to die?' 'Is your own precious soul safe?' 'Are you gwarn to heaven or hell?' Now, he ought to know where he's gwarn himself, I should think; but I never in all my born days seed a man so frightened as he was the other day at the danger of gwarn to heaven. He went out in a boat along with some school children, and somehow the boat upst, not more than half-a-dozen yards from the beach. Young Radmore, he went out and brought the youngsters all ashore. But you should have seen the deacon! He scrambled out, leaving the children in the water, and run up the beach as he'd never run'd before in all his life. And if you'll believe me, he have never got into a boat, nor even bathed ever since that day!"

"Now why should he be afear'd of going to heaven? I should like to know that. And I like a cheerful Christian, I do, not they sort. Seems to me they'm only gloomy and cruel. I hate cruelty to man or beast, and I'm very sure God ain't cruel."

"I see the deacon has just written 'God is Love' in the sand with his walking stick," I said.

"Ay, ay—that's like him. How do they put the two things together I should like to know? There's that same young Radmore's father is one of they Calvinists. The lad went a bit wild, mostly through being kept so strict and straight-laced at home, I believe. There must never be any games or amusements and only the most serious books, and there was continual quarrelling because he didn't want to be religious and wouldn't go to chapel three times a day. The father sort of cursed him for a reprobate, and at last, a few weeks ago, locked him out at night and wouldn't have him to home any more. So the poor lad's gone off to China and his father may never see him again. I can't understand such religion as that, anyhow."

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Three years after this I found myself at the sea-side village again. It was the latter part of December, within a few days of Christmas, and the weather was boisterous and very cold. I heard on my arrival that a vessel, a large brigantine, had been wrecked the night before, and some lives lost. The sea still raged on the rocky coast, the waves breaking in peals of thunder; and the wind still blew a gale from the west, slanting even strong fishermen out of the perpendicular, and carrying snowy wreaths of foam up the only street of the village.

The next day I called at the cottage of my old friend, Captain Sugg. He was much aged, and not able in such weather to venture out of doors, but he had watched the wreck from his window and was able to tell me all about it.

"I think I told you," he said, "about that son of Radmore's as he turned away from home. Well a week or two ago he come from Plymouth, where his ship had put in. A fine smart fellow, hardly twenty yet. Well us all thought how proud his father would be of him and how 'twould be all right again. But no! if you'll believe me, the stubborn old man would'nt see him when he come to the house, and sent him word he'd have nothing to say to him, unless he gave in what he called a submission. He was to humbly ask pardon, to give up the sea and stay home in the strict old fashion, and become a member of the chapel congregation. Well, this seemed rather too much of a dose all to once for the lively

young sailor, and so here they were, both in the same street, young Dick staying at the "Anchor Inn," and never any proper meeting between them.

"I felt a good deal upset about it, I can tell you. I said to Dick, 'Why don't you manage to meet somehow and try to make it up?'" "O well, you know, I think I've been badly treated," he says, "but I don't bear any ill-feeling. I can't give in as if I was a child; but I daresay the dad'll come round all right after a bit."

"I said to the old man, 'If you don't forgive your own son, how can you expect Our Father to forgive you?'"

"'I've been forgiven years ago,' says he, 'and am safe from sin and judgment.' 'O, I say, 'I'd rather not be such a blessed saint as that.' And I felt as if it would do me some good to swear just a little bit."

"Well, there had been signs of dirty weather for some days, and the day before yesterday it got suddenly very wild out to west. Big ships went flying up channel; smaller ones nearer in got into trouble, but as far as I know, all managed to run for shelter. When it came evening, however, the wind and sea got terrible high, and just at dark we saw signals of distress, and could just make out a vessel running helpless before the wind straight on towards them rocks. We got no lifeboat near this old forgotten place, and no craft that could live a minute in such a sea. Some of our men tried one, but it was swamped in the surf and they had a hard fight to get back. There was nothing for it but the rocket when the vessel should get nearer. It's hard lines I can tell you, when a old sailor is got uncappable and can only watch others trying to rescue. Well, before long the brigantine goes smash on the outlying reef, and great seas burst over her. The men ashore did all they could, and at last got a line aboard, and five or six of the crew got across to the beach. Then the rope fell away from the wreck and something happened to the rocket apparatus. Six men were still clinging to the wreck and no rope could be sent out. Then I see a man fasten a rope round his waist and rush out through and over the great waves. He was beat back, but made his way out again towards the rocks. Then we lost sight of him and thought he was gone; but in another minute I see him on the deck fastening the line, and the cheers from the beach could be heard rising above the roar of the storm."

"Four of the crew managed to get ashore with the line, and then it was tore away with a tremendous sea, and two men were left on the wreck, which suddenly broke up and they disappeared."

"It was all over now; and one of the men, the rescuer, was poor Dick. His body came ashore next morning right in front of the door of his father's house."

"You wonder what the old man said. Well, he said very little, I believe; but I see him since, a-watching the sea from his window, with a look in his eyes I shall never forget. And what seems worst of all, and like a punishment to him, I hear that he is sure he will never meet the boy again in the world to come, because he hadn't been converted!"

"What do you think of that for religion? Not much like the preaching of the dear kind Christ. I'm contented to believe in that, and to trust in the tender mercy of Our Father. When my time comes—and it wont be very long now—I shan't be afeared to go to sleep or to wake up again, for I feel sure there's no limit and no end to His love and pity."

Henry Brice.

## The Passing Century.

"There is a voice within which calls."

The end of the century is upon us and where are we? Are our feet fixed firm upon the highest rock we know?



Are our faces upturned to the sky for the inspiration of heaven? Are our prophetic garments girt round us and our voices uplifted to cry against Baal and his abominations?

The end of the century is upon us and where are we? The old year ends, the century ends, with the same old Yuletide feasts of blood.

As I pass through the country I find the farmers pointing with pride to overfed bullocks and stall-fed oxen, being fattened up for the Moloch rites which men call "keeping Christmas."

As I visit the wide fenlands, or call in at the housewife's yard, I find turkeys and geese and fowls being daily gorged to satiety in order that men may eat their dead bodies, and rejoice that all creation in sweet harmony participates in the Christmas songs of peace!

From far off lands they come, sea-borne, and upon our shores are landed. Sad-faced and limp, oftentimes bruised and maimed unto the verge of death, they come, to our shambles to die.

And then as the year ends and the century closes, they are dying, dying by the hundreds and by the thousands, and by the tens of thousands—to make a Christmas holiday!

As the year ends and as the century closes, England, civilized England, Christian England, becomes a great slaughter land, an island cemetery.

In country villages the blue smocks are smirched with blood, and the shining knife is stained with red, and boys and girls curiously peep in to the rude chambers of death and then steal away again awestruck and frightened.

They come again, and again they steal away and dream of fear and the powers of evil, and they awake in screaming terror.

Again they steal and peep until they are "manly" enough to watch to the end and even to join and help—and soon to imitate.

In towns and cities the chambers of death too are found, but to get there the poor children of the byres and the meadows and the shippens have to travel weary, weary miles.

By long roads and through endless streets they come, driven by dogs and beaten by sticks. No friendly hand, no kindly word, it is the *via dolorosa* they must painfully tread, right on to their doom.

Are we going to stop these things by force from without? Nay, rather by the gentle spirit which must be born within. The reform of the without must ever be preceded by the reform of the within.

Though his skin be washed with nitre and his spots be rubbed with the fuller's soap, yet shall the leopard's stripes remain and his tawny hide persist unchanged. Though you chain him with irons and goad him with burning steel yet will he gnash with his teeth and tear to shreds in his fierceness, but the she wolf will not bite her own little ones nor rend her sucking cubs!

There is then a force which is not fear and a power which is not brute strength. No external power can *force* the mother wolf to love her cub, but the beauty spirit within, the reflex of the divine spirit of love will *compel* her to be gentle and sweet and sacrificing.

So, too, if we open our hearts wider, this divine flatus shall enter therein. We too shall see the hideousness of hate and the barbarity of cruelty and we shall be able to go a step further than Fenelon and say: I love my family more than myself. I love my country more than my family. I love humanity more than my country. I love the wide creation of beauteous lives more even than restricted humanity.

When once we have opened the portals of our soul to the east and have caught a glimpse of paradise, we shall know that it is the bloodless manna foods and the dainties of Eden, and not the flesh of quails or of beasts, that shall encourage the angel to grow within us and that shall kill out the beast that is there.

Josiah Oldfield, M.A., MRCS, L.R.C.P.

## These are not Lost.

The look of sympathy, the gentle word,  
Spoken so low that angels only heard;  
The secret act of pure self-sacrifice,  
Unseen by men, but marked by angels' eyes—  
These are not lost.

The kindly plan devised for others' good,  
So seldom guessed, so little understood;  
The quiet, steadfast love that strove to win  
Some wanderer from the ways of sin—  
These are not lost.

Not lost, O Lord! for in Thy city bright,  
Our eyes shall see the past by clearer light,  
And things long hidden from our gaze below  
Thou wilt reveal; and we shall surely know  
These are not lost.

Richard Metcalf.

## HELPFUL THOUGHTS.

When the pall of gloom hangs low—when pain of disappointment for the failure of ideals possesses the soul—'tis well to know that not all of life is contained in a single effort; that "art is long," and Truth at last achieves her end. The hero lives in the soul's purpose, the heart's ambition, the mind's idealism. If not always expressed in the outward deed or in the physical triumph, heroism may live in spiritual qualities that inspire the weak to hope if not to attain—to aspire if not to soar. Even a dirge is comforting to a soul in pain. The sad heart is so chorded that every wave of sympathy thrums upon its melody of joy. Outward triumph is often inward failure. To think high and lofty deeds, though our lives be commonplace, is to live among the gods and hear the rustle of angels' wings. To weep is sometimes better than to laugh. A tear is often but a molten jewel; some time it will crystallize again and bedeck the soul as a priceless pendant.

To know that nothing fails except the false is to hold the key of life's profoundest secret. Truth is too vast to be all revealed in a day. To-morrow waits upon yesterday, and the present is for ever forward. Fill out the little minute of time that nestles thee upon its breast, and all the anxious hours will await thy bidding. Life is beyond; the past cannot be resurrected. The morning breeze sweeps from the opening horizon whence looms the rising sun. Let us arise and forward, though the day be long and the pilgrimage oppressive. The sun sets not for ever, nor shall our hope.

Rev. Henry Frank.

## Glimpses of Truth.

By Henry Wood.

To change from a controlling self-consciousness to a ruling God-consciousness, is to find harmony and health.

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Life is a continuous divine communication. The heart-throb of God pulsates through humanity. Life can never die nor diminish. External form changes, but life goes on. Physical sensation is but a lower manifestation of life. The divine exuberance fills every space not closed against it. Our little stagnant pool must be connected with the surging and purifying tides of the great ocean of abounding vitality. All is at our disposal.

\* \* \*

Faith is absolutely essential. We must believe or we will never move. To live vigorously we must live by faith. Those who are doing most to uplift the world are those whose intensity of faith first reconstructed their own souls. "I will" is the pilot that grasps the helm and steers the human craft Godward.

\* \* \*

God is spirit (not a spirit, as incorrectly translated). If God be spirit, His offspring must be spirit also. I am not body, but spirit, *now*. Matter serves me as a temporary correspondence and servant. Space, time, and locality are only provisional, sensuous limitations.

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"There is no death! What seems so is transition!" Physical sensation is only a temporary manifestation of life—a passing phase. So-called death is no stay to development. We fear so-called death because our sense of life is material. But life is spiritual. Material forms disintegrate, but life never dies. The ideal is to spiritualize our bodies so that transition will be as gentle as stepping into an adjoining room.

\* \* \*

Present discord will glide into the harmony of the future. We are pressing on towards the supreme ideal, which includes wholeness on every plane for the individual and the race.

\* \* \*

The divine heredity overlaps all inherited human ills. The fact that I am God's child must rule my consciousness, until, like the rising sun, it dissipates the fogs and mists of ancestral inharmony. As children of God we have a divine patrimony, spiritual and material. It includes everything that is good, *i.e.*, God-like.

\* \* \*

Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called children of God; and such we are. But instead of this we have called ourselves "miserable worms of the dust." There is no surer way of becoming "worms" than to think we are worm-like rather than God-like.

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The "fall of man" consists of his dropping into subjection to his animal nature. When the body rules, it soon becomes an unrelenting tyrant, but, if it occupies a secondary place, it is servicable and beautiful. Man must assert his superiority. Every soul is invested with a divine dignity and should reign in its own kingdom.

\* \* \*

The whole tenor of the Bible indicates that healing is expected as the natural results of the quickened spiritual life. Preach the Gospel, and heal the sick, are both included in the great divine commission. They are the inner and outer sides of one whole. The external is the visible sign and attestation of the genuineness of the spiritual and internal.



# The Monks of St. Bernard.

## A Christmas Visit to an Alpine Monastery.

**M**ost persons know something about the celebrated St. Bernard dogs and the services which they render to travellers who get lost in the snow, but there are many who do not know anything about their human fellow-workers—the monks. To such, a brief account of a journey which I once made to the Hospice in order to spend Christmas Eve with these good brethren may be interesting.

At the present season of the year the summit of the pass upon which this Traveler's Refuge is built is generally both ice-bound and snow-bound, and it was only owing to an exceptionally mild season that I found an opportunity to make the visit at Christmastide. The winter snows had been delayed, the barometer was high and steady, and although there was a possibility of my being snowed up for many weeks should an unexpected change take place in the weather, the risk appeared to be worth the running, and consequently the venture was made. From the village of Montreux, at the head of the Lake of Geneva, the route lay on the first day to Martigny, in the Rhone Valley, a town standing about 1,400 feet above the sea level, and famous on account of its being the place where the Christian Legion of the Roman Army suffered martyrdom on account of their allegiance to Christ. Here the principal Headquarters of the Monks is situated, here they grow their wine—which has a great local reputation on account of its quality—and from this centre is sent forth the little band of about eighteen men who go into residence at the Hospice on the summit of the Pass, and which is, I believe, the highest inhabited house in Europe, standing at an altitude of about 8,700 feet above sea level. A prolonged residence there is found to be very trying to the constitution, and consequently at intervals the brethren who do duty on the summit are changed.

On the morning before Christmas I started at about 6 a.m. in a sledge, making the ascent of the first five thousand feet in this manner. The air was stinging cold, and my "cocher" thoughtfully provided a small charcoal foot-warmer, which consists of a tin box in which glowing carbon is placed. Hour after hour through the long day we steadily climbed nearer to the mountain peaks, passing through one picturesque village after another with their quaint wooden chalets—looking back upon them one by one as we left them in the valleys beneath us. Along the roadsides we frequently came to immense cascades of solid ice, some being fifty or sixty feet in height, but in consequence of the unusually dry season there was not much snow at this stage of the journey. We stopped for lunch at a quaint Swiss inn, where coarse brown bread, goat's milk cheese, and a stoup of native grape wine was provided, and, needless to say, this humble fare was much appreciated in consequence of the hunger produced by the keenness of the atmosphere. It is often dangerous to

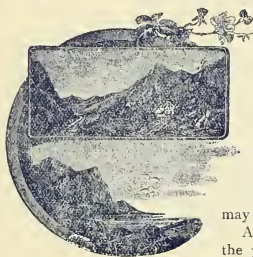
drink water in Switzerland, as the springs are tainted with mineral matter, and it is the general custom for the villagers to grow their own small crop of grapes for wine making. Intemperance is, however, very rare amongst them, and the native wine is a very harmless drink.

By about four o'clock the sledge had to be abandoned, and the remainder of the journey, which included a climb of some 2,500 feet, had to be made on foot. A guide having been secured, we started off for a steady tramp through the snow, which gradually deepened as we proceeded until it reached above our knees and made walking somewhat fatiguing. After reaching the 7,000 feet level, we were obliged to stop at intervals on account of the pain caused in the forehead by the unaccustomed rarity of the atmosphere, but after a few minutes' rest this would pass off and we were able to proceed. Unfortunately my guide under-estimated the time we should take, and appeared to lose his landmarks, so that darkness came on before any glimpse of the Hospice appeared in the distance to cheer us. During the last stages we had to find our way by striking matches so as to be able to identify the deep foot-tracks which were our only indication that we were proceeding aright, and there would have been cause for some anxiety had we not previously telegraphed to the monks to say that we were coming. In consequence of this we had good assurance that if we got lost they would come and look for us. In fact, when at last we did arrive, we learned that they were just about to set out on this kindly errand.

As we neared the summit, and first caught sight of the welcome lights which shone from the small windows of this quaint building which is perched so high above the rest of human habitations, the sky was a deep cloudless blue, the silence was impressive, and the thermometer registered fifty degrees of frost. The dryness of the air, however, made this quite endurable, and we preferred to carry our overcoats rather than wear them. The Hospice itself is a rectangular structure of very plain appearance, the walls being some six feet in thickness. Adjoining it is a small building in which dead bodies of travellers or natives are placed during the winter to be kept in a frozen condition until the thawing of the ground in the ensuing spring admits of their being buried. The drifts of snow in some places were thirty feet deep, and the whole appearance of the surroundings made one feel that one night spent in such a place would be quite sufficient to satisfy one's curiosity.

The voices of the dogs, who came out to welcome us, at once announced my arrival, and I was most courteously welcomed by the monk who acted as 'Superior.' After a few words of greeting, he handed me over to a lay brother who officiated as butler, and I was provided with a most generous repast in the refectory. Whatever privations the brethren endure, there can be no doubt that they keep a well furnished table, the stock of provisions and firewood which are necessary for the winter being brought up by a number of horses who are employed during the whole of the summer months for this purpose.

After supper I had a talk with my host concerning the life and mission of the brethren, and particularly questioned him as to the motives which actuated them. The utility of the Hospice itself, as a shelter for pilgrims and travellers, and of the necessary staff to keep it open, was obvious, but as the work appeared all to be done by lay servants, and as three or four monks would apparently have been quite sufficient to superintend operations, I wanted to find out why eighteen of them should face sickness and privation by living under such



conditions. The principal occupation of the majority of them appeared to be the continuous chanting of prayers in the chapel, and this was the only place where I had the opportunity of seeing them. I failed, however, to obtain any lucid explanation—except that "Mother Church" ordered them thus to act, and consequently they obeyed.

The air was so rarified that the exertion even of walking across my bedroom made me pant for breath, and I was consequently not sorry to turn into a soft white bed beneath warm blankets and an immense sack of down which somewhat resembled an inflated balloon in appearance. Morpheus was soon triumphant, and held sway until five o'clock, when I was awakened by some monotonous chanting or intoning which was proceeding in the rooms beneath me. At about six this noise commenced again, much to my perplexity and discomfort. After a breakfast consisting of coffee, Swiss bread, and delicious butter made from goat's milk, I visited the chapel, passing through an iron grating or screen, beyond which no woman is allowed to proceed lest the brethren should be tempted to repent of their vows of celibacy, and the unusual scene presented itself of a number of monks intoning prayers round a coffin which stood upon trestles surrounded by lighted candles. It appeared that a cottager had died, and this was the preliminary burial service previous to the storage of the body in the mortuary.

It is the custom for visitors to place in the collecting box the sum which they would have expected to pay for their entertainment at a first-class hotel, and having done my duty in this respect, I bade farewell to the Brother Superior, and commenced the long descent, much relieved to find that the weather had not changed and that the roads were still passable.

Napoleon I. crossed this Pass once with his army, and slept at the Hospice, leaving several mementoes of his sojourn, but reminiscences of this sort were not necessary to make a visit to the Monks of St. Bernard a most interesting experience, and one which is not likely to fade from the memory.

The Editor.

## Life's Opportunity.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,  
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;  
So:—one great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom  
or blight,  
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right;  
And the choice goes by for ever, 'twixt that darkness and that  
light.

James Russell Lowell.

## SIN AND DISEASE.

The Saviour, after healing the sick man at the Pool of Bethesda, found him and said to him, "Sin no more lest a worse thing come upon thee." He called the attention of the man to the cause of his sickness, made known to him the laws he had been transgressing, then said to him, "Sin no more lest you get into a worse condition." Here we have clearly pointed out the relation that exists between sin and disease. Sin is the transgression of Law, whether moral or physical, and always results in physical or moral disease.

It is possible for a criminal to escape punishment by fleeing into another country, but one who violates the laws of life cannot escape the penalty of the violated law. "Be sure your sin will find you out." "Be not deceived. . . . whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily," because people do not suffer immediately after the violation of the laws of health, they conclude it is doing them no injury; they continue to transgress until they are stricken down with a disease from which there is no recovery. Life and Health.

## Household Wisdom.

By Daisy Whiston.



What a rush of thoughts crowd into the mind as once more Christmas time draws near—some thoughts of gladness as we commemorate the birth of the Prince of Peace—some thoughts of gratitude as we meditate on what His Life means to the children of men—some thoughts of joy and peace that since last we celebrated His Advent into this world, a fuller realisation of His influence upon our lives has become ours, filling us with a greater love and sympathy for all our fellow-creatures. But, alas, that all our thoughts this Christmas time cannot be of joy and gladness—that instead of witnessing such scenes as show in man the Spirit of the Christ, we are forced to behold all the hideous sights of carnage and bloodshed that fill our minds with sadness and pity as we realise how far away mankind is yet from that spirit of love and tenderness which He manifested.

As each year comes round we experience an ever increasing thankfulness that our daily food is free from the stain of blood, and that its supply does not cause the degradation of our fellow-men. It may be that to some of our readers this Christmas is their first as Food Reformers, and they may have to stand the scorn of those whose eyes have not yet been opened. Here is where their victory over self may be won, where they may prove themselves loyal to their convictions and stand forth as men and women true to the higher and purer standard of life they have set before them. Such may learn something of the joy that comes to those, who for the sake of the "speechless ones" have been brave enough to take up their cross, if in so doing they may help to protect the creatures whose eloquent silence has not asked their sympathy and aid in vain.

There are, doubtless, women readers who will quickly turn to this column, hoping to find some "Household Wisdom," and to such we would say that, after the first study of reformed diet has been made and the first efforts in the new cookery become habit, all the old "drudgery" of the kitchen will be relegated to a barbaric past. For it is certain that the preparation of animal food, and everything connected with it, is the real "drudgery"—more laborious, more wasteful and extravagant, and utterly more revolting than all the other work of the kitchen. Shall we not, then, gladly give to this study our best thought, strive to develop our cooking faculties, and learn something of food values. Our sense of refinement will soon become so keen that we must perforce close our doors against any dead creature and open them wide to admit Nature's living gifts, gathered from vine and tree, drawn from the earth and garnered from waving grains, each and all bearing the living germs of life which will make our bodies healthy, pure and beautiful, fit temples of the living God?

Through woman largely must come this most vital change in the customs and habits of life. If she be "the homemaker," let her be also the "health preserver;" let her wield her sceptre in the uplifting of humanity through pure and wholesome food; let her revolutionise old customs and make the world better by showing it cleaner ways of living, and by teaching men and women how to nourish their bodies without slaughtered flesh and its stimulating—not nourishing—accompaniments. This generation is preparing the soil from which will be developed the seeds for future harvests,

and it is for us to decide what the fruit shall be, and so determine that harvest. When we realize that it is wrong to be physically, as well as morally or spiritually sick, we shall give more attention to the creative power of food and drink, and to all our physical necessities. Perfect health is the right of every man, woman, and child, and yet how few enjoy this to-day; in spite of the tens of thousands of doctors in our midst, disease was never so prevalent. Each generation as it comes brings with it the inherited taints of the past, and the world is fast becoming populated with the physical forms of half-starved, half-witted, nevertheless human beings—and all this as the product of popular ignorance concerning how to live, what to live on, and the best way to prepare the foods which will nourish and build up healthy, vigorous bodies!

Let no beginner in "the better way" feel disheartened! With fruits, grains, nuts and vegetables in all their endless variety, we may soon learn how to "eat to live." We are creatures of habit, either good or bad, and with a will set upon learning the art of fixing upon natural, pure, and humane diet, we shall soon find our new habits of cooking becoming a source of enjoyment and pleasure to us, and not the endless worry and trouble that the uninitiated imagine.

### PRACTICAL HINTS.

Now for a few practical hints to those who may not yet know all the "substitutes" used by Food Reformers. As our tastes become more natural, we lose the liking for elaborate and lengthy menus, though, at the same time, it is a mistake not to try and produce dishes which will be acceptable and appetising to those who have not yet eschewed the flesh-pots. Some people have to be influenced through their palates, and it is wise to be able to put before such as dainty a dinner as possible. So at this festive season we need not be reduced to Spartan fare, and can still place on the table the plum puddings and mince pies which the children look forward to in the Christmas holidays. The puddings may be made according to old recipes, substituting vegetable fats and nuts for suet. There are two time and labour saving machines which will well repay the housewife's purchase for use in the making of the puddings, etc., viz., a nut mill and a raisin seeder. They may be obtained from almost any good ironmonger, or from Madame Veigelé, 87, Praed Street, Paddington, London. The nut mill is invaluable for grinding pine kernels, shelled walnuts, almonds, and other nuts, and also for the nucoline (vegetable nut butter, substitute for lard). The nucoline is rather hard in cold weather, and if flaked through the nut-mill, only requires just lightly mixing into the flour for pastry, puddings, etc. The mill is also in constant use for bread crumbs, crusts, too, if not hard, cheese, and protose or nuttose if wanted for mince. The raisin seeder, if a good make and simple in construction, saves hours in time and much patience when raisins for a large quantity of puddings and mincemeat are required. A small quantity of the three kinds of nuts are good in the puddings, viz., pine kernels, shelled walnuts, and almonds. The kernels are better run twice through the mill.

#### How to make Mincemeat.

The only difference in the "reformed" mincemeat is to leave out the animal suet and beef, and replace it by fresh butter and a few ground nuts. Mincemeat made in this way is delicious, and will "keep" without fear of any suet becoming tainted. The following is a very good recipe:—Take 1-lb. granulated sugar,  $\frac{3}{4}$ -lb. currants, 1-lb. macaroni raisins,  $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. sultanas,  $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. citron, 2-ozs. orange or lemon peel,  $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. nuts (almonds and pine kernels),  $\frac{3}{4}$ -lb. apples (weighed after being peeled and chopped),  $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. fresh butter (melted), rind and juice of 3 lemons, rind and juice of 2 or 3 oranges, 1 teaspoonful grated nutmeg, 1 small teaspoonful cinnamon. Mix all the ingredients thoroughly, adding the butter last. In a fortnight

it will be ready for use, and, if too moist, add a little more chopped apple before baking.

### A BLOODLESS MENU FOR CHRISTMAS.

*From which a selection can be made.*

Brazil Nut Soup.	Artichoke Soup.
<i>Fried Bread Dice.</i>	
Jugged Nuttose.	Macaroni Risssoles.
<i>Red Currant Jelly.</i>	<i>Sauce Piquante.</i>
Potatoes, Sauté.	Cauliflowers.
Plum Pudding.	Stewed Pears.
	<i>Clotted Cream.</i>
Fresh Fruits.	Almonds and Muscatels.
Butter.	Toast Biscuits.
<i>Rollad and Garnished.</i>	<i>Cheese.</i>
	<i>Lettuce Salad.</i>

#### Brazil Nut Soup.

Pass 1-lb. of Brazil nuts through an "Ida" nut mill, stew them for twelve hours in 2 quarts of water, with some celery and a few onions that have been fried, then add 1 quart of boiling milk, pass through a strainer, season and serve with fried bread dice.

#### Artichoke Soup.

Fry 12 artichokes and 5 onions until brown and tender, add 2 quarts of vegetable stock, put into it a tablet of Maggi's haricot soup and strain.

#### Macaroni Risssoles.

Boil  $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. macaroni (Spargheti preferred) in water, not cooking it too tender, chop slightly, add 6-ozs. of bread crumbs, some chopped fried onions, a teaspoonful of lemon thyme, a couple of good sized tomatoes (fried in saucepan after onions) and 1 egg to bind. Mix, shape into cutlets, roll in egg and bread crumbs, fry in very hot nucoline until crisp and brown.

#### Sauce Piquante.

Take equal quantities of vegetable stock and Tomaté a' la Vatel (Dandicolle and Gaudin), fry a chopped onion brown, add the above, thicken with flour, boil and strain.

#### Jugged Nuttose.

Open a tin of nuttose and stew it in haricot stock for 2 hours, then cut it in slices about half-an-inch thick, and fry crisp in egg and bread crumbs. Also make some force meat balls by rubbing  $\frac{1}{4}$ -oz. of butter into 5-oz. of bread crumbs, adding chopped lemon thyme, lemon peel and parsley, some pepper and salt and 1 egg to bind; fry very brown. Cut up the nuttose in small pieces, and stew slowly in remainder of the bean stock with about ten cloves, serve in the gravy and garnish with sprays of parsley.

#### A Simple Plum Pudding.

Take 1-lb. muscatel raisins, stoned and chopped; 1-lb. currants, washed and picked;  $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. mixed candied peel, chopped;  $\frac{3}{4}$ -lb. nucoline, run through nut-mill;  $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. pine kernels and walnuts or almonds, also put through the mill;  $\frac{3}{4}$ -lb. brown sugar, 2½-lbs. stale bread crumbs, 1 nutmeg grated, a pinch of salt and a little cinnamon if liked. Run the bread crumbs, crust and crumb, through the nut-mill, and the raisins through the seeder. Mix all well before adding 4 eggs well beaten, with sufficient milk to just moisten the whole. Again stir very well. Oil some moulds, fill to within half-an-inch of the top, cover with greased papers, and tie with string. If the moulds are large, steam for 12 hours, or until the puddings become a rich dark brown colour. Plum puddings are much lighter and more easily digested if made without any flour, stale bread crumbs being used instead, preferably wholemeal, or half and half.





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